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of buyers to their Stock of
Felt Hats,
STYLES.
Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades;
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Department of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.
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Street.
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ring and Summer Goods.
25 cents;
cents;
DES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES,
; do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.;
PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced
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ortionately Low.
Y & DALY.
dge Bicycles,
Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
\$75 and \$115.
just received another supply of these
World-Renowned Machines.

made on an ordinary Rudge, No. 1, roadster.
46 and 48 King Street,
Brunswick.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

You can get your
atches, Clocks, and Jewelry Repaired
IN FIRST CLASS ORDER
—AT—

MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE,
167 Union Street.

ISAACS,
ing Street,
HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.
CHAUM PIPES constantly in stock at very low
ALFRED ISAACS.

UNION
APTIST SEMINARY,
St Martins, N. B.,
will be Opened on September 20.

arrangements will be made for an excursion to
Martins on that occasion.
Inquiries respecting accommodations, terms
classes can be made to
J. A. GORDON,
B. F. SIMPSON, Principal, General Supt.

"MANITOBA."

New Brand of "MANITOBA" Flour
Is Unexcelled in Quality.

is made from selected Manitoba Spring
at.

makes a big loaf and a good many of
to the barrel.

GILBERT BENT & SONS,
South Market Wharf.

OME TO BELL'S,
#25 KING STREET.

wants to see you at 25 King Street, and
ow you the great bargains he is offering in
s, Organs and Sewing Machines.

Agent for HEINTZMAN & CO.'S Pianos;
LING and WM. DOHERTY & CO.'S Organs;
WILLIAMS and WHEELER & WILSON
Machines.
It will pay you to see BELL, at
25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

ASAL CREAM.

A CURATIVE BALM FOR
In the Head, Catarrh,
Catarrh Deafness
and Headache.

Only 25 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared from original receipt by
D. MCARTHUR,
MEDICAL HALL,
To 59 Charlotte Street, opp. King Square.

ar and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat,
CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS,
Always on hand.

& F. S. FINLEY,
Sydney Street.

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 19.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

SLOW-GOING OLD-TIMERS

AND THE POINTERS THEY GATHER FROM "PROGRESS."

A Well-known Boston Journalist Tells His Brethren Over the Border About the Newspapers That He Found in the Maritime Provinces.

[Thomas F. Anderson, in The Journalist.]

Boston, Aug. 29.—Not of Boston newspapers and their makers will I write this week. Let us change the subject for a moment, and talk of another class of pencil wielders who do not often have their virtues extolled in the columns of *The Journalist*. A vacation trip through the maritime provinces is always bound to be enjoyable, under ordinary conditions, but the pleasure of such a journey is redoubled when you happen to be a newspaper man, and fall in with your provincial brethren of the quill. It has just been my pleasure to spend two restful weeks in Nova Scotia, and it is of its attractions and its journalism that I now feel tempted to speak. On my way to that delightful mecca of vacationists I tarried in St. John, New Brunswick, long enough to take a good sniff of Bay of Fundy fog and a glance at my esteemed and progressive friends of the St. John PROGRESS, Messrs. Walter L. Sawyer and Edward S. Carter. If PROGRESS was typical of provincial journalism at large, I would tremble for the laurels of New England newspaperdom, but alas! it is not. This scintillating creation of those two bright writers for the St. John Telegraph is rather lonesome in its brilliancy, I am afraid, but perhaps it will be the means of making itself some better company. It is to be hoped so, at any rate, for journalism over that part of the border might be on a great deal higher plane than it is at present. In its brief career—PROGRESS has progressed with wonderful strides for a provincial weekly, and its proprietors are giving the slow-going old-timers thereabout some valuable pointers in the way of newspaper enterprise. Some of them need a few, too. These two wide-awake young men have made of their paper the entering wedge of a new journalistic era, and they can be safely depended on to do what they can to make it split up some of the fossilism that has dominated the newspaper business in that part of the world ever since a paper was first printed there. PROGRESS, in short, is the shining newspaper light of the provinces, and may the day be not far distant when it will resolve itself into a daily, and thus increase its opportunity to work reform.

St. John has three or four dailies, of which the *Telegraph* is, perhaps, the most notable example. Some very bright men have traced paper in its office, more than one of whom are now making a mark for themselves in Uncle Samuel's domains. The *Telegraph* issues a very creditable weekly edition, which is extensively read in New Brunswick and the neighboring province of Nova Scotia. The daily *Sun* has a tendency to brighten up its surroundings with rays of enterprise, and publishes many interesting news specials, a feature that has almost always been neglected by provincial papers. The journalistic field is a somewhat circumscribed one in St. John, but the city has the advantage of being the nearest one to the United States in the maritime provinces. This gives it an inspiration that its sister and rival city in the other province, Halifax, does not enjoy. The newspapers of this latter city have improved somewhat of late years, in some respects, but there is yet a yawning gulf between them and perfection. The people of Nova Scotia, although generally as intelligent as any others, are naturally a slow-going and conservative class, until they come to "the States," and their newspaper men don't often contract brain fever in their efforts to make things boom a little more. I happen to know a little about the Halifax papers, and something about the gentlemen who help to get them out. I am sorry for the Halifax dailies, and weep great tears of anguish every time I reflect upon the grand opportunities they are missing. News, to the Halifax journalist is, of course, something not wholly unappreciated, when it happens to float around within easy hailing distance; but news is only secondary in importance to the opportunity to indulge in political mud-slinging. As dispensers of political slime, the editorial writers on the Nova Scotia papers in general, and those of Halifax in particular, are away in advance of the most experienced and versatile of our American frontier type jugglers. The people of the province are always ready to stop taking in lay or delay shingling their roof, in order to embrace the opportunity of indulging in an election or a political discussion. They fairly live on politics, and their newspapers give them a surfeit of political food of the rankest and most nauseating kind. It is a wonder we don't hear of more duels in Nova Scotia, and if the natives were all Frenchmen, the population would soon be decimated. Every prominent politician in the province is a confirmed liar, a horse-thief, the grandson of a pirate, and served the Lord only

WESTFIELD'S VISITORS.

WHO THEY ARE—FACTS AND FANCIES OF THEM.

Including Lawyers, Merchants, Shippers, Gentlemen of Leisure and Others—A Happy Careless Group Who Seek Quiet and Rest from the Stirring City.

The general make-up and tone of the papers takes on rather a hay-seed sort of style, and there are really but few bright papers in the province. There is no money in journalism here, and the only newspaper men who have any chance of acquiring wealth, are those whose sheets are in editorial accord with the ruling party. That always means more or less governmental "soap" to them, in the shape of stray advertising contracts. The proprietor of a weekly paper in the country districts feels quite well off when he has attained a circulation of 2000. When the figure reaches 3000 he becomes arrogant, and has "Hon." written before his name. Some of the weeklies ought to be called weaklys, so precarious is their existence, and it is often the case that an editor has to be his own and only printer, besides.

The oldest daily in Nova Scotia is the *Acadian Recorder*, of Halifax, published by the Blackadders. The leading government organ in that city is the *Morning Herald*, which publishes an evening edition called the *Mail*. Editor Dennis, of the *Herald*, is a very genial and hospitable fellow, as most Nova Scotian journalists are, and he is well known to many Boston and New York members of the guild.

Halifax hasn't got any press club at the present writing, and the chances are that it never will, so long as the present journalistic warfare is kept up. Oil and water would fraternize about as well as its editors would. Notwithstanding the somewhat peculiar conditions that surround Halifax journalism, not a few of Nova Scotia's prominent statesmen have graduated from the editorial departments of some of the papers, so that there are some good fruits to show.

There is not much to be said regarding the weekly papers that are scattered through the province. Few of them will ever become New York *Heralds* or *Tribunes*. They are all gotten up in the same cast-iron style, with very little in the way of enterprise or originality to mark them. If it were not for their exchanges from Boston and New York they would be in a bad way, indeed. I have frequently seen clippings from some belated American paper, masquerading as fresh telegraphic news. And not a subscriber ever threatened to have his paper stopped on that account.

A Well-Grounded Complaint.
An American lady who has been sojourning many weeks in our pleasant city came to PROGRESS with an actual grievance, a few days ago.

"I went to church, yesterday," she said, "and was disappointed. I am not a regular attendant at any one church, but go every Sunday to some place of worship, choosing to hear what minister or choir I please. For this information I am in a great measure dependent upon the Saturday morning dailies, which pretend to publish the Sunday services. As a matter of fact, they are incorrect every Sunday. I know that one clergyman was away for weeks upon a vacation and yet he was announced to preach the same as usual! Yesterday I wanted to hear Rev. Mr. — and went to his church. He was away—had been away for some time. Now isn't that a nuisance? Who is to blame? Somebody wake up. If the newspaper for its own reputation does not aim at correctness, it would be far better were the minister to stop the announcements until he has leisure to attend to them himself."

Rest Free, Ghost Included.

A stylish and comfortable house, on one of the most pleasant streets of the city, has had "To Let" in the window for many months. A well-known citizen is now about to occupy it, and it is said that he will get it free of rent until the first of May. The cause of this unusual generosity on the part of the owner is that the house is said to be possessed of a ghost which has shown a pernicious activity in the past. If the ghost will permit, the new tenant will try to give the place a good name in lieu of paying rent, for a time. The neighbors are preparing to watch for the result of the experiment.

Getting Ready for Moncton.

The city lodges of Knights of Pythias are making active preparations for their demonstration at Moncton on the 27th inst., during the Grand Lodge session. Besides Brunswick and Union lodges of this city, Frontier lodge of St. Stephen, Fredericton lodge and Cumberland lodge of Springhill, will take part. Calais and Eastport knights have also been invited to unite in the celebration. Fully 100 uniformed and equipped knights from the two city lodges are expected to be in line. The 62nd Fusiliers band will accompany the excursionists.

OPENING OF THE CIRCUIT.

Next Wednesday and Thursday Will be Great Days at Moosepath.

The New Brunswick Trotting circuit opens at Moosepath next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. That it will be successful goes without saying. No such list of entries has been offered to a St. John public for a long time and every lover of good honest sport will be sure to go and enjoy himself.

Moosepath has been greatly improved since last year and the best people in the city do not hesitate to show themselves in the grand stand.

It is very proper that St. John should have the successful opening of a successful circuit. The following list of entries speaks for itself:

FOUR YEAR OLD CLASS—PURSE \$120.
George Carvill, St. John, g f Lady Max, by Sir Charles.
W W Dunbrack, St. John, r g Willy Wally, by Sir William Wallace.
C W Bell, St. John, b s John A, by Rampart.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, b l k, s Frank Nelson, by Flying Dutchman.
John McCoy, Fredericton, —
W Gammon, Pictou, g m Wildflower.
A L Slipp, Truro, N S, b m Lucy Derrick, by All-right.

THREE-MINUTE CLASS—PURSE \$110.
Geo Carvill, St. John, b c Speculation.
H B Gordon, Portland, ch g H B Gordon.
J N Freese, Sussex, br m Sussex Lass.
C W Bell, St. John, br s Ben D, by Ben Moral.
G G Andrews, Bangor, g g Whitewash.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, blk g Edward All Right.
E Cameron, Pictou, blk m Blackbird.
C W Bell, St. John, b m Lady Simm, by Uncle Simm.
A L Slipp, Truro, N S, ch s Melbourne King, by Mambino King.
C E Walker, Bangor, b g Disappointment.

2-40 CLASS—PURSE \$200.
W S McKie, Charlottetown, r g Telephone, by Abdallah, Jr.
G G Andrews, Bangor, b s Namkeag.
G G Andrews, Bangor, g g Whitewash.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, blk g Albert D.
John McCoy, Fredericton, —
A E Slipp, Truro, blk m Maid R, by Allright.
J D Bonness, St. Stephen, b g Joe Hooker.
John McCoy, St. Marys, blk g Jack Mack.
C E Walker, Bangor, ch m Mistake.

2 YEAR OLD CLASS—PURSE \$80.
A B Eiter, Amherst, Chateaufort, by Sir Walkill.
John McCoy, Fredericton, —
W H E Fowler, St. John, ch f, Governors, by Olympos.
J M Kimear, Sussex, ch f, Sagitta.
Harry C Lydrard, Steam Mill Village, N.S., mare Queen, by Confidence.

2-60 CLASS—PURSE \$160.
W S McKie, Charlottetown, r g Telephone, by Abdallah, Jr.
Geo Carvill, St. John, g f Lady Max, by Sir Charles.
H B Gordon, Portland, ch g H B Gordon, by Dean Swift.
J N Freese, Sussex, br m Sussex Lass.
C W Bell, St. John, br s Ben D, by Ben Moral.
C W Bell, St. John, b m Lady Simm, by Uncle Simm.
G G Andrews, Bangor, g g Whitewash.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, blk g Edward All Right.
E Cameron, Pictou, blk m Blackbird.
A L Slipp, Truro, N S, ch s Melbourne King, by Mambino King.
C E Walker, Bangor, ch m Mistake and b g Disappointment.

FREE-FOR-ALL CLASS—PURSE \$300.
Wm Jacobs, Bangor, gr s Rattler.
Geo Sullivan, Bangor, b g Orator Healey.
C G Andrews, Bangor, b s Namkeag.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, ch s Sandy Morris.
H B Gordon, St. John, br m Helena.
C E Walker, Bangor, br s Elmo.

The Latest in Base Ball.
Wagge covered himself with glory at Halifax. The Haligonians have good reason to think he is a daisy on the ball field.

The Maine State College boys arrive here this morning and play the first game on the C. and A. grounds this afternoon. The M. S. C.'s are favorites in this town and will draw a great crowd.
"I wonder," says a base ball crank, "if any other club than the Nationals was winning if the *Globe* would be so down on the base ball craze."

Fall of Good Things.
The September *Gripsack*, enlarged and improved in many ways, has just been issued. It has for a frontispiece a portrait of Fred Birks, of Montreal, which is printed on paper and looks very well indeed. A large amount of notes and news of travel and travellers of every class is given, and the time tables are corrected up to date. On the whole *The Gripsack* appears to be a very useful as well as a very readable publication.

The Men Tired Of It.
The Fusiliers' club-room on Charlotte street has been closed. When it was first opened it seemed to be appreciated, but lately the men have ceased to go to it and it was finally decided to close it. The officers of the corps have secured rooms in the Davison building, on the corner of Germain and Duke streets, which will be fitted up as club rooms and will be used to hold meetings in.

They Open Today.
Barnes & Murray open their new store, at 17 Charlotte street, today, and every lady who can spare the time should call upon them, and glance at the really neat and handsome establishment. The wood-work is all cherry-stained, and is very rich looking. No brief description would do it justice. Those who wish to see for themselves, this afternoon.

The "Progress" Boom Edition.
Space in the Fredericton boom edition, which will be issued by PROGRESS the latter part of this month, is being taken rapidly, and the indications at present point to a very complete and full number in a very few days.

FARMING OUT BABIES.

THE STORY OF AN ALMS HOUSE COMMISSIONER.

Several "Farming Out" Establishments in the City—How Children are Got Into the Alms House—Strange Stories of the "Respectable" Women.

"Another baby on another doorstep and another recruit for the Alms house nursery!"
The commissioner was mad and this exclamation but feebly expressed his feelings. When that enlightened and duty loving body, the Alms house commission, can gain any information upon certain points concerning additions to the family of the county they receive them, though not exactly with open arms, care for and educate them as best they can.

But they hate the doorstep youngster who is borne into its future company perchance by the unfortunate policeman who found it. It somehow occupies a lower position in the home of the paupers than those who knew no other abode, for, strange as it may seem, aristocracy exists even in an Alms house!

Next to the doorstep burden is the "farmed out" baby which is often successfully palmed off upon the refuge. Quite recently the commission has become fearful of the size of this infant industry and began to make careful inquiry about the new arrivals, only to learn that they came from places in this city called "farming out" houses, where for \$20 the keeper engages to separate the little one from its unnatural mother and palm it off upon the county.

"Yes," said a commissioner to PROGRESS, "there are several such places in our city—places that are of quite recent origin, and month by month are becoming more and more known. The result has been that unfortunate women, both in the city and outside of it, choose the keepers of these places—generally middle-aged, sharp women—to take care of their children until such time as they find it convenient to turn it over to the almshouse. For their services, the sum of \$20 is the usual payment. They are in a bad fix, however, if their plan to foist the infant upon the public fails. I know of one in the heart of the city who today has four young children with her, left on her hands to dispose of in this way; but she failed, and I expect the little things will lead a hard time of it."

"What we want, and I think must ask for, is some legislation to enable the authorities to seek out these 'farmers' and arrest them. That is our only protection."
"In addition to this, what a life a young child must lead if left in such a place! How will it live? And what will the end be? The sooner the abominable practice is stopped the better for the morals of the community and for the almshouse."

"Only a short time ago we had a curious instance of the prevailing idea that the almshouse can go to any lengths of accommodation. A certain doctor in town inquired if he could get a baby into the institution without revealing the name of either of its parents. The child would be taken there in about a week."

"Our answer was 'No.'"
"Well, in a very short time a baby was left on a doorstep in a certain locality—the police cared for it in the usual manner, and it went to the almshouse. One thing quite peculiar about this infant was the handsome wrap around it, but it afforded no clue to the parent."

"A few weeks later a lady inquired at the institution for a child to adopt. She wanted it at a certain age—the exact time since the arrival of the latest and richly apparelled little stranger—and he was brought here. She made careful inquiries about the child, where it had been found and discovered, beside all the authorities knew about it. Then apparently satisfied she decided to take the child and as she rose to go she said, 'Where is the quilted wrap that was around it?'"

"You can picture the matron's astonishment and the confusion of the woman when she saw her fatal error, but it was too late to remedy it; the wrap was given her and the mother and her reclaimed infant departed."

"Another woman wished to adopt a child and secured one at the institution. It was but a few days old and served her purpose admirably for a time, many of her friends thinking what she wished them to believe, that the infant was her own offspring. Her husband was away at the time and when he returned after an absence of some months, it is presumed he was not pleased, for he remained from home until the commission was asked to take the child back. We did so and the peace of that family was restored."

"Now what we want to do is put a stop to all the 'farming out' business and for our own protection it must be done."

Case Upon It.
Any one who has been pestering his friends for information about the new opera house should buy PROGRESS today and gaze upon the second page, where the main portion of the interior is portrayed.

OUR OWN SNAKE-CHARMER.

A St. John Boy, William McIntosh, Who Makes Pets of the Reptiles.

There is nothing about the personal appearance of William McIntosh to indicate that he has more controlling force than an ordinary person. He is a young man, rather light complexioned, quiet of voice and speaks in a deliberative manner that shows his careful good sense.

Mr. McIntosh is a successful snake charmer. At his father's flower store on Charlotte street he has at present a common black snake, about two feet long, which he treats much the same as anybody else would treat a piece of rope that long, only more affectionately, perhaps. The snake is poisonous and shows his metal with everybody but Mr. McIntosh, who can coil him round his neck, rub the snake's tongue on his face, and, in fact, handle this reptile in any way and carry him around in his pocket. The snake was found by its present owner while strolling near Lily Lake a few weeks ago. He placed it in his pocket and carried it home, and since that time the snake has been his pet. Mr. McIntosh generally has the snake at the Charlotte street store, and shows it to all his friends and numerous inquisitive schoolboys.

Considerable fun is extracted through the medium of this dangerous reptile. Some intimate friends were in the store, the other day, when Mr. McIntosh took the snake out of his coat pocket and rubbed its tongue against his face. Although it is not the tongue that "stings," as most people imagine, yet it is a very disagreeable thing to do. One of his friends nearly fainted and could hardly be prevented from seeking a doctor to undo the deadly work he imagined the snake had done. A young lady was suddenly taken by surprise to see the snake appear out of its owner's pocket, and left the store in a hurry. She has not been back since.

Mr. McIntosh had a visitor the other day, in the shape of a boy who was very much interested and finally announced that he could furnish all the snakes wanted at so much per snake, although he would not go within six feet of the one at the store. He was told to go ahead, but to not hurt the snakes and above all, not kill them. The boy appeared next day with a lobster can on the end of a stick and said the snake was inside. Mr. McIntosh put his hand over the top of the can, expecting the reptile to raise up, but for a snake he was uncommonly quiet. He was dumped out on the counter as dead as a door nail. The boy looked surprised and protested, "He was live enough when I put him in," and thought it must have been the juggling of the cart in which he was brought to town that killed him. But the snake's back was broken.

Mr. McIntosh is unable to account for his control over snakes, except from the fact that he never had any fear for a reptile of any kind. He feels that once he gets a snake to look him in the eyes he has complete control of it and it will stay with him.

His first knowledge of this power he received ten years ago. Walking through the woods, one day, he accidentally stepped on a snake. Finding what he had done he stooped down and stroked it gently on the back. Then he picked it up, put it in his pocket and carried it home. Here he met great opposition to his new pet, as nobody had any desire to see a snake crawling round the house. He kept it, however. From that time he has always been greatly interested in all kinds of reptiles.

During the centennial exhibition of 1883 everybody will remember that there was a kind of side show to a circus running on the grounds at the rear of the large building. The attractions were a performing goat, a few other things and a collection of snakes. Mr. McIntosh visited this show and being interested in snakes drew the attention of the regular snake charmer, who suggested, with a sarcastic grin, that he pick up one of the snakes. Mr. McIntosh picked up one about six feet in length, and wound it about him to the astonishment of the regular charmer and the audience.

Before leaving the city for upper Canada, about three years ago, Mr. McIntosh had seven snakes, many of them of good size. He made them his pets, much the same as a boy would rabbits, or a woman a pug dog, and kept them in his room. The snakes, however, had a habit of crawling out of their box and exploring the house, where one of them was found under a mat by the lady of the house. There was a scene, and the snakes were ever after consigned to more appropriate quarters.

Mr. McIntosh intends taking a vacation in the country in a few weeks. If his plans succeed, he will bring back a finer collection of snakes than ever met the appreciative eye of a man in the clutches of delirium tremens.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale or to hire, at BELL'S, 25 King Street.

Smoke "Crescent" Cigars.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A Novel by Arlo Bates. The first September volume of "Tucknor's Paper series" is "The Pagans, by Arlo Bates, author of A Wheel of Fire, Patty's Perversities, etc. The author of this novel is one of the most acute and brilliant critics of our modern American life, and his successive works have been notable and successful on account of their dramatic power and keen insight. The scheme of social observation developed in The Pagans and also in The Philistines (now in press), is full of piquancy and an almost Thackerayan vigor of portrayal. The successes achieved by the author in The Wheel of Fire, Mr. Jacobs, etc., will be repeated and surpassed in The Pagans. As a study of current American thought and types of culture and conflicts of belief, it has a singular value and interest, and will be earnestly welcomed by thousands of readers. For sale by Alfred Morrissey. Price 50 cents.

A Remarkable Book. Messrs. Wm. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal, have just published a remarkable piece of Canadian fiction entitled, The Young Seigneur; or, Nation-Making. It is a work of marked power and interest, and deals fearlessly with questions which are now pressing upon Canadians for solution. The book will receive detailed notice in an early issue of PROGRESS.

The Magazines. The September Wide Awake opens with a jolly story of the Harrison campaign of 1840; it is by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey, a personal reminiscence, entitled "Two Conspirators," and illustrated by Smedley. Another reasonable story, and very amusing, is "Ned's Base-Ball Club," by Mary C. Crowley. Still another, delicious in its fun, is "Jermicky's Sacrifice," by Mrs. Katharine B. Foot. "A Little Lombard Hero" is a touching Italian story by Edmond de Amicis, translated by a little friend of his, Miss Marcia Thouay, daughter of the American consul at Turin. Mrs. Margaret Storer Warner, Miss Risley Seward, Edward Everett Hale, Rev. H. O. Ladd and Miss Mabel Robinson, are represented by reasonable contributions, and the serials are very interesting. The poems of the number are by Edith Thomas, Mary N. Bradford, Mrs. Butts and Herbert Wild Bradley. Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

Notes and Announcements. The Academy complains that while Miss Sarah Orne Jewett has "finished," she catches hold of her story by the middle, as it were, and asks querulously what is the use of finishing what was never begun.

Truth says that the publication of Sir Robert Peel's papers will not prove as fruitful as was supposed. They will not, for example, clear Peel's memory from the charge of deserting and opposing Canning.

Mrs. Croly has been to see the author of One Summer, at Stuttgart, where she lives, enjoys and works. Miss Howard divides her attention between her housekeeping and her new novel, The Open Door.

A new volume of Matthew Arnold's miscellaneous essays which have not heretofore been collected, will be brought out late this coming autumn. The work will contain a number of new papers that were found among some of the manuscripts left by Mr. Arnold.

Tennyson passes the early autumn usually at the Isle of Wight, where he has now gone. He has recently been entertaining Mr. James Russell Lowell at his place at Faringford. Lord and Lady Tennyson will pass the coming winter in the south of France.

Last Tuesday's World said: Col. Carson Lake, who has recently been made one of the editors of The American Magazine, announced yesterday that he had secured from James G. Blaine the promise of an article on Grover Cleveland for the September number of his magazine.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton recently visited Mr. Swinburne, and found him looking almost younger than when she had seen him ten years before. "He looked so full of life and vigor, such a light was in his eyes, such warmth in his smile, that one felt Time had nothing to do with him, and he might go on living and working forever."

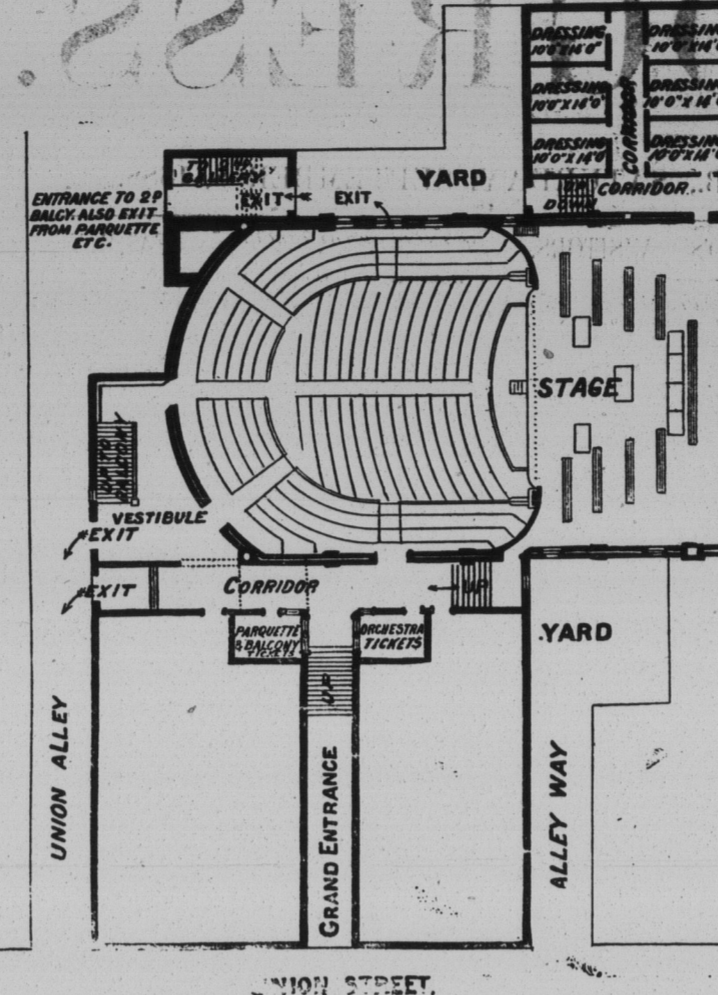
Some industrious persons in England are unearthing the buried "treasures" of the long-defunct "Keepsakes," and in one of them have found the following verses by Tennyson (1850), not published in his works:

What time I wasted youthful hours, One of the shining winged powers Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers. They seem'd high palaces and proud, Hid now and then with sliding cloud. He said, "The labor is not small; Yet within the pathway feet to fall!— Take care those dost not fear to fall!"

Among other contributors to the volume were Lord John Manners, R. Monckton Milnes, E. Bulwer Lytton, Harry Cornwall, W. M. Thackeray and Albert Smith.—New York Critic.

The Critic is in error, in so far as American editions of Tennyson are concerned, for in two or more of these the lines quoted above appear. In Messrs. Crowell & Co's edition (New York: 1883) they will be found on page 484, where also a foot-note gives the time and place of their first publication.

GROUND PLAN OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE



THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

GROUND PLAN OF A HANDSOME, COMMODIOUS STRUCTURE.

Favored by Location, It Has Been Able to Add the Best Features of the Great Theatres of the United States—Eleven Exits, All on the Ground Floor.

The subscriptions for the stock of the new opera house are coming in so rapidly that, if the directorate proves equal to its trust, there is no reason why work on the structure should not be begun within the month.

Persons who have not carefully considered the advantages of the Dockrill site will have them forcibly impressed by the ground-plan of the proposed edifice, herewith printed.

Quite a number of the desirable features of large theatrical buildings have been taken advantage of. The opera house is to be of brick, with hollow walls, 62 by 100 feet, exclusive of two vestibules, 24 by 24 and 26 by 34, respectively, and a wing 37 by 38 for dressing-rooms, of which there will be six. The stage will be 60 by 40,

FISHING IN GRAND LAKE.

A New York Sportsman Tells a Correspondent How He Enjoyed It.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—"A person who has never cast a line for a land-locked salmon has a great deal to learn about the pleasures of scientific angling," said a well-known New York sportsman, today, "and I know the spot where this princely game fish just lies back from sunrise to sundown waiting for the fisherman to come along and give it a chance to have a bout with him. Loch Lomond in New Brunswick, Sebago and Seebec lakes in Maine and a half dozen or so of lakes in Canada are noted fishing grounds for land-locked salmon, and fishermen, until three or four years ago, thought there was no use of going anywhere else. But one season recently I had the good fortune to get to a spot where I found the land-locked salmon more abundant than I had ever seen them in any water. I ran on the spot by the merest accident, although it had been long known to a few Boston and New York fishermen. The place is Grand Lake, Washington county, Maine. A village that grew up there, around a great tannery, is inhabited by less than one hundred people, half of them Canadian-French and the rest made up of Indians and native Yankees. There is no post-office within 40 miles, and if any one were ill and wanted a doctor, the doctor would have to be brought many miles, and no lawyer could be found nearer than 50 miles. The village is truly in the Maine wilderness, and its people are log-drivers, wood-choppers, bark-peelers, hunters, trappers and fishermen. Although there is no church or preacher there—or at least, there was none a year ago—not one of the inhabitants touches a drop of liquor, and only four in the settlement ever tasted any intoxicant.

FOUND IN A CLEFT.

A Steed and His Rider Who Had Been Hidden for Years.

Henry Martin, who resides up in the direction of Antelope Basin, W. T., recently came across a ghastly relic of early days which might well form the foundation for a tale of frontier life.

He was out prospecting in a wild and broken part of the country, where in the midst of an elevated plateau it is not uncommon to find one's self on the brink of a crevasse or cleft in the rock, a plunge down which would inevitably prove fatal. It was in examining one of these strange openings, formed during some tremendous convulsion of the earth ages ago, that Mr. Martin saw pinned between the adamantine walls far below him the whitened bones of a man and a horse. He made a circuitous journey around the hill, which brought him to where it was possible to enter the narrow gorge, and by difficult climbing over ragged boulders to reach the skeletons. He cautiously picked his way through for a distance of several hundred feet, and at length reached the object which had excited his curiosity. There was no doubt, from the position of the animal and his rider, that they had plunged headlong to their death, either while being pursued or in some mad ride which did not leave time to check themselves on the brink of the yawning chasm.

The man must have been fully six feet in height and between 50 and 60 years of age, the latter supposition being established by the fact that he had during life lost some of his teeth and the bone had grown over the cavities. The skull showed a rather intelligent forehead, the cheek bones were prominent, and the general shape of the head indicated that the bones were those of a Mexican. This theory was confirmed by the further discovery of a rich Mexican sombrero, with heavy gold trimmings, all in a good state of preservation. The skeleton was found in a perpendicular position, the head downward and tightly pinned between the two walls of rock. The rider had fallen from his steed, and bones of the latter were similarly suspended, but 20 feet further up. In a little basin at the foot of the gorge was discovered a copper plate, about six inches square, and, strange of all, a plug of tobacco of apparently ancient manufacture, but seemingly as perfect as when the dead man had put it in his pocket to solace him in his lonely ride across the hills.—Laramie Boomerang.

Both Correct. Lieutenant Goldbraid—"Aw—beautiful yacht, Miss Carlton." Miss Carlton (coldly)—"Yes, very." Lieutenant Goldbraid—"Aw—it's (hiel skuse me—) contreboard yacht, y'know." Miss Carlton—"I had supposed it to be a sideboard yacht."—Life.

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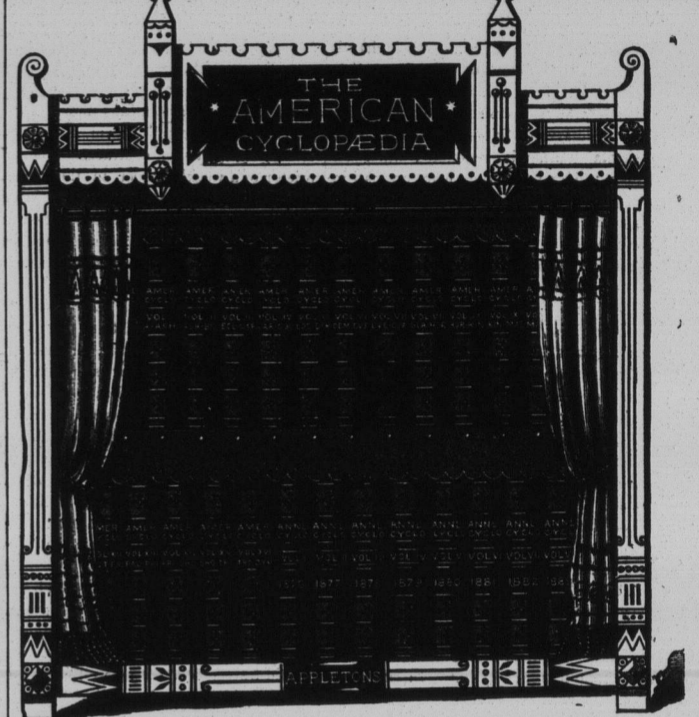
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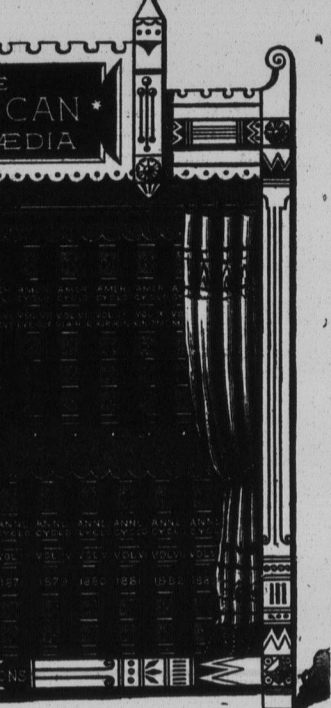
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MOSS.
Strange tapestry by nature spun
On viewless looms, aloof from sun,
And spread through lonely nooks and groves
Where shadows reign, and leafy trees—
Oh, moss, of all your dwelling spots,
In which one are you loveliest?

Is it when near grim roots that coil
Their snaky black through humid soil?
Or when you wrap in woodland glooms,
The great green pine trunks rotted red?
Or when you dim, on sombre tomb,
The "reliquets" of the dead?

Or is it when your lot is cast
In some quaint garden of the past
On some gray, crumbled, basin's brim,
With conches mellowed by the breeze
While yonder, through the tropic prim
Looms up the tarred chestnut?

Nay, loveliest are you when time weaves
Four emerald films on low, dark leaves,
Above where pink porch roses peer,
And woodlilies break in fragrant foam,
And children laugh—and you can hear
The beatings of the heart of home.

—Edgar Poe.

A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE

John Warner sat by his telegraphic table, a trifle pale perhaps, but seemingly cool and in no way disturbed by the extraordinary situation. The stranger, who wore a wide-brimmed hat and was dressed in the rough costume of a frontiersman, leaned over the counter, his right elbow resting on it, which enabled him to hold the heavy six-shooter without a tremble. The six-shooter "covered" Warner. The following was the conversation that ensued:

"What time does the night express pass?"

"She's due in about half an hour, but she is over an hour late."

"An hour late, eh? The stranger, who doesn't stop here. You'll have to go to Bloomville if you want to take the express."

"But if you telegraphed to Bloomville for her to stop here she'd stop, wouldn't she?"

"No, she wouldn't."

"Hain't she ever stopped here?"

"Once or twice."

"What made her?"

"Orders from the train despatcher."

"Where does he live?"

"Center City."

"Well, then, the messages from Center City to Bloomville must pass through this office, mustn't they?"

"Of course."

"All right. Then you could send a message from here that the Bloomville folks wouldn't know what it came from. Center City, couldn't you?"

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Not if I asked you? Well, young man, I'll be plain with you. If you don't send just what I tell you to, I'll send a couple of bullets through your head, so the train'll stop anyhow, and there will be an eternal smash. Now we don't want to bother anybody. We just want a certain package that's in the express here. We know it's in the express, and we expect to have to kill the expressmen, for there will likely be an extra man to guard that package. It's valuable, it is. If you don't stop that train you will perhaps kill fifty people and get shot yourself. If you do, the folks in the sleeping-car will never know anything's out of the way, and we will have the cash without any bother. Savvy?"

"I understand. Let me think a moment."

"Well, hurry up. There's no time to lose."

"Is the track torn up now or are you going to do it if I don't stop the train?"

"The track's torn up now."

"All right. I'll stop the express. I want you to understand this. If you try any fooling you won't catch us and you'll get shot yourself. The stranger can come here, for my friends are round this shanty and won't let anybody near here."

"Nobody comes here, anyhow, at night. Or in the daytime, either, for that matter."

"All right. I want you to clearly understand just the fix you're in. We all have fast horses, and even if you brought a regiment on that train they couldn't catch us, and you would have a few bullets in you before I got on my horse."

"I understand. Then go ahead."

"All right again. Then go ahead. The operator put his hand on the key, but sat there thinking, and did not press it."

"Now, see here; you hurry up there. I don't want any monkey business."

The operator turned so sharply round on him that the other instinctively raised his revolver a little.

"Will you oblige me by keeping your cursed mouth shut? I'll start when I get ready, and don't you forget it. I'm running this machine, and don't you forget that. If you don't like it, shoot and be hanged to you, and then do your own telegraphing."

"That's the way to talk," cried the desperado with admiration. "That's business. Darned if ever I heard a man talk like that with a gun pulled on him. You go right ahead, and if you do this thing square we'll back on the swag. It's rather tiresome standing here, so I'll just take this chair inside. I won't interfere."

"All right," said the operator, "make yourself at home."

Then he turned to the table and began telegraphing.

"Klic-a-lick, klic-a-lick, klic-a-lick, klic-a-lick," went the instrument rapidly.

"What's that?" said the desperado, forgetting his vow of non-interference of a moment before. "It seems to be all the same thing."

"It is. I am calling the office at Bloomville."

"Klic-a-lick, klic-a-lick—chuck."

"There, I've got 'em. Now, don't interrupt me. I'll tell you what is said when I'm through."

The operator leaned forward with a puzzled expression, and doubtless wished he knew as much about telegraphing as he did about shooting.

"Is Stevens there?" asked the instrument at Bloomville. "Tell him Warner wants him."

There was a pause, and then the instrument at the lonely way station answered.

Warner rapidly rattled out the following message:

"This shanty is in the possession of a

villain, who has a pistol pointed at me while I work. I expect it is the Zama county gang that is round the place. They are going to rob the express. I'm supposed to be telegraphing orders for it to stop here. Now, can't you make up a special there, and get the sheriff and a strong posse to come down and gather in the gang?"

"I'll do it. There's a freight engine here now, and I'll put the boys in some box cars."

"No, don't do that. Make up a train of passengers. Put a Pullman on behind if you have it, and make it look as like an express train as you can. Then send her down on the time of the express, and hold No. 9 there till they get back."

"Good idea. Now what are you going to do? They'll shoot you."

"Can you make a connection with the town arc light and get them to put their full current on? I'll connect it in some way with the fellow here, and he'll never know what struck him."

"We haven't time for that. We would have to go down to the dynamo office and get them to turn off all the city lights, and then make connections. It would take too long and it would burn out every switch-board on the circuit. But I can give you all the cell currents we have here and that will paralyze any rough from Zama and perhaps kill him. Anyhow, you could get his gun before he recovered. When you're ready just call the office. Ground your current and I'll send it along on the big wire."

"Seems to take a lot of telegraphing to stop a train," said the desperado uneasily.

"It does. You see the train is behind time, and they don't want to stop here. I told them there was a special that would pass her here. They want to know all the particulars. Now I'll have to move about a bit. I must cut off the wire to Center City. If I don't, they may telegraph to the dispatcher's office about that special and then it would be all up with us."

"That's right; go ahead."

"Well, don't let that revolver go off. It never goes off till I tell it to, and then it's sure death. As long as you act square it won't go off."

The telegrapher went to a drawer and took out a piece of wire, and to one end attached a pair of scissors. The other end he connected with the big wire from Bloomville. He fussed around the switch-board, and then took a pair of water and said: "Look out for your feet. I must damp down the floor, so that there will be no dust to interfere with the instruments."

"Water won't hurt anything outside of me," said the man; "I'd hate to try it inside, though."

Having wet the floor, the operator sat down to his table again. "Klic-a-lick" went the instrument. Next instant there was a blinding flash of greenish light in the room. The man started to his feet.

"Thunder," he cried, "what's that?"

"You struck it the first time. Thunder somewhere."

"I'm afraid it will interfere with us. But I can fix it. Hand me that screw-driver, quick."

The screwdriver was handed, but all the time the pistol covered him. The visitor was not a man to be taken off his guard. Warner worked with the screwdriver a moment and then said sharply: "Gimme them scissors. Hurry up."

The outlaw reached for the scissors and the next instant with a yell he sprang toward the ceiling and fell in a heap on the floor.

"Throw up your hands, you villain," cried Warner, pointing his own pistol at him.

The whole gang were induced to return to Bloomville with the sheriff shortly after.

—Detroit Free Press.

IT IS CAIN'S MARK.

He Avers that His Brother's Ghost Pulled His Hair Out, Hair by Hair.

A few days ago Terry Shelton was brought from North Carolina to Georgia upon a warrant sworn out in Fannin county. As he boarded the car, having come several miles through the country, the idlers at the country station stared hard at the strange man and wondered who he was. The passengers looked once, and looked again, and wondered who he was. At every station as new passengers came in, they would stop, and stare and wonder.

"Who is that man?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Did you ever see the like?"

It was that way everywhere. The babies even seemed to understand that something was wrong and they stared too.

Not once during the ride did the strange man leave his seat—never once lifted his eyes from the floor. His broad-brimmed hat was slouched down to his eyes, his hands thrust into the pockets of his blue jean trousers, and there he sat.

The story was told here yesterday by one familiar with the details, a North Carolinian that has known Shelton for years.

Terry and Tom Shelton, said he yesterday, were brothers. Their father was an educated man and a wealthy one, but he died in the war and the boys have been brought up by their mother.

She was a horrible woman—a tigress. The property of the old man was squandered and lost, and the boys grew up vicious and uneducated. Tom was the elder. They both married, and lived on adjoining farms in Cherokee county. Their mother lived first with one and then with the other.

The boys were hard workers and shrewd in a trade, so in spite of their dissolute habits they might be considered as well-to-do farmers.

One day in '79 Tom went over to Terry's house, and while he was there they began quarrelling. The mother of the two boys both sprang to their feet, Tom with a knife and Terry with a pistol, and an instant later Terry had fired. The ball went through Tom's forehead, killing him instantly.

Terry told this to the jailer.

"I had an empty barrel in that cylinder, and thought that would be the next one to be struck. I intended to snap that at Tom to stop him, and then if he came further to kill him. I didn't intend to shoot. It was a mistake, and I am not guilty of murder."

On the trial, however, the old woman swore in Terry's favor, put all the blame on the dead son, and as she was the only witness Terry was acquitted.

Three weeks later she came back to town and wanted Terry arrested. She said that Terry had provoked the quarrel, and that

WOMAN'S WHIMS.

Word comes from Paris that decided colors are beginning to be worn again quite extensively, the gray and black that court mourning brought in, being laid aside.

Nowadays fashion is very exigent as to styles in boots and shoes, also stockings. They must be chosen with regard to the costume, with which they should agree in color or general effect, though for outdoor wear plain buttoned kid boots are worn.

The latest high summer novelty is paper underwear, whose material comes from China, and is said to resemble fine unlaundered linen—to be light, rough, elastic, soft—and so delightfully cool that the gossamer silk or linen is comfortless beside it.

The marriage ceremony of Mr. Whistler, the celebrated artist, and Mrs. Godwin, which occurred in London a fortnight ago, has been witnessed as yet by only six people. Mr. Whistler is said to have appeared very nervous, and the bride, who was married in a travelling gown, seemed very happy and looked very pretty.

Small bonnets, round toques and large round hats trimmed ready for use are sent out by Paris and London milliners for autumn wear. Felt and velvet are the materials of which the new bonnets and hats are made, with elaborate trimmings of ribbons, ostrich feathers, fancy feathers, birds, wings, ornaments of gilt and of silver, with jet of different kinds, and many very rich and beautiful designs.

The younger members of Gotham society will be pained to learn that the cotillon balls which have been one of the pleasant series of balls of the winter season, will be given up next winter, says the New York Mail and Express. No satisfactory reason has been advanced as yet for this unfortunate decision of the lady managers. It has been stated, however, that an element has come into the cotillon subscription list that the lady managers do not approve of, and for this reason they have deemed it best that the cotillons should go the way of the old E. C. C's.

Every cottage in Bar Harbor has some charming characteristic of its own, says the Bar Harbor Tourist. No two are alike, and there is no tiresome similarity among them. Individuality holds its own by virtue of position, construction and taste of the owner. One of the most beautiful fireplaces in any cottage in Bar Harbor is the stone fireplace in the hall of the Stanwood cottage, now occupied by Col. Elliott F. Shepard and his family. But a still more distinctive feature is the beautiful oval window some eight feet in length in the hall, which as one approaches it leads to the beholder a Claude Lorraine landscape.

The true ingratitude of the Duke of Sutherland's disinclination towards another American tour appears to be that His Grace when last on this continent was accompanied by a lady whose claim to the ducal strawberries has never been sanctioned by the Duke, but who was nevertheless received in one or two houses, until the turn came for Mr. Cassatt, a vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad, to do the civil thing towards His Grace, who is, by-the-by, a large shareholder in Pennsylvania stock.

Other houses had received the duke's travelling companion on equal terms, and somewhat naturally the vice-president of the Pennsylvania road had no hesitation in telegraphing his wife the news of the impending visit of the duke and — to dine with Mr. Cassatt is a Buchanan and a relative of the president of that name, and the reply she wired in response read: "Glad to see the duke, but the woman must not come nearer the house than the stables."

The Queen and Her Cats.

The big houses in London have lots of cats about them, which grow fat while folks are in town, and starve when they go out to the country. This has caused much distress to members of the Animals' Institute, particularly as even the queen's cats were subjected to the same difficulty. But the queen was humbly and loyally pointed out to the queen that her Windsor cats would starve while she was away, whereupon her majesty was graciously pleased to order them all put in baskets and taken along to Osborne with the rest of the court, which Society papers solemnly inform us that prettily decorated cat-baskets are in great demand, and the happy pussies may be seen by dozens at the railway stations, going to mountain or seashore just like anybody else.—Boston Herald's London Correspondence.

Systematic Punctuation.

In a Boston newspaper office, not long ago, the chief proof-reader had been greatly annoyed by an extraordinary use of commas that cropped out in occasional "strokes" in his proofs, and finding that they occurred regularly under a certain "slug," he went to "Slug Fifteen's" frame to expostulate with him. He found that the man was a new "sub," who said he had come lately from Nova Scotia, and had learned his trade in a first class office in Halifax. "For my part," exclaimed the proof-reader, "what sort of a system of punctuation do they employ in Halifax?" "The rule in our office," replied the compositor, with a patronizing air, "was to put in about three commas to a line."—Boston Transcript.

A Suggestion.

"Gracious! How well it is preserved," said one travelling man to another as they gazed at a mummy in a museum. "It looks as if it might walk up and speak if you could only arouse it with some familiar words."

"So it does. Suppose you try it with that story you just told me."—Merchant Traveller.

A Misunderstanding.

Mrs. Wellfit (showing Aunt Japonica the new grounds)—That is the Lodge over there.

Aunt Japonica—How nice it must be to have it so near! The one you uncle belongs to is mor'n four miles from where we live, and sometimes it takes him all night to get home.—Judge.

Left Alone in the World.

Vagrant—I have no father or mother nor any relations at all to care for me. Philanthropist—Poor man, are they all dead?

"No; they got rich."—Texas Siftings.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you've been helped."

"I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked me once and I want to get square with him."

"He got his turkey."—San Francisco Wasp.

INDIFFERENCE.

Bolingbroke has just fervently proposed. Miss Steele—Do you play a good game of billiards? Bolingbroke—Fairish. Why? Miss Steele—Run up and play me off with Dick Starr, will you? I kind of half accepted him last night.—Time.

A KENTUCKY IDEA.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it? "Yes, ma'am."

"Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?"

"He was a poet."—Kentucky State Journal.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

He—I wonder what makes the flies so sticky, today? She—I suppose it must be that new fly paper you bought.—Burlington Free Press.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

THE AD FRIGHT OF THE SHIP GYRACUTUS.

This was the tale that was told to me by a battered and shattered son of the sea—Tom and my mate, Miles Green, when I was a pulchre young marine.

'Twas the good ship Gyrcutus, All in the China seas, With the wind and the capstan free To catch the summer breeze.

'Twas Captain Fergie on the deck, To his mate in the mizzen hatch, While the boatswain bawled in the forward hold, Was winding his larboard watch.

"Oh, how does our good ship head tonight? How heads our gallant craft?"

"Oh, she heads the E. S. W. by N., And the binnaclie lies abaft!"

"Oh, what does the quadrant indicate, And how does the sextant stand?"

"Oh, the sextant's down to the freeing point, And the quadrant's lost a hand!"

"Oh, and if the quadrant's lost a hand, And the sextant falls so low, It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones, This night are bound to go!"

"Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake! And reef the spanker boom; Bend a middling reef to the ringdale To give her weather room!"

"Oh, boatswain, down in the fo'ard hold, What water do you find?"

"'Tis foot and a half in the royal gaff And rather more behind!"

"Oh, sailors, collar your marine spiffs And each belaying pin; Come stir your water and spike the pumps, Or more will be coming in!"

They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps, They spiked the mizzen brace; They bawled and bawled, but oh! The water galled above.

They bored a hole above the keel To let the water out; But, strange to say, to their dismay, And much to their regret, That water did not spout.

Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship, And he was a lubber brave; "I have several barrels in my storeroom, And my life 'd be orter save."

Then up spoke the Captain of Marines, Who dearly loved his prog; "It's awful to die, and worse to be dry, And I more we pipes to grog."

Oh, then 'twas the noble second mate What filled them all with awe; The second mate, as had men hate, And cruelly he spoke the law.

He took the anchor on his back And leaped into the main; Through foam and spray he clove his way, And sank and sank away.

Through foam and spray, a league away, The anchor stood he bore; Till safe, at last, he made it out, And washed the ship ashore!

Taint much of a job to talk about, But a ticklish thing to see, And that second mate was me!

Duck was the tale that was told to me By that modest and truthful son of the sea, And I envy the life of a second mate, Though capstans come him and sailors hate, For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen, As would go and lie to a poor marine.

London House, RETAIL.

Jerseys - - - Jerseys.

We have received our Fall Importation of Jerseys, CONSISTING OF Over 500 in Black and Colored, In Low, Medium and Fine Qualities. A number of new styles will be found in this assortment.

Stockinette Jackets, For street wear. Plain and Braided.

In ordering state Bust measurement and length of sleeve.

Charlotte Street.

PHYSICIANS.

We Have Just Received A FULL LINE OF JOHN WYETH & BROS.' Compressed Triturates

A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO., Charlotte Street.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors,

84 Prince William Street, P. O. Box 303. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash.

Dispensing of Prescriptions.

Special Attention is Given to this very important branch.

Medicines of Standardized Strength used. By this means reliable articles will be supplied, and in each case compounded by a competent person. Prices low.—E.

WM. B. McVEY, Dispensing Chemist, 185 Union Street.

"The Book of the Season,"

LOOKING BACKWARD (2000-1887) By EDW. BELLAMY.

FOR SALE BY ALFRED MORRISSEY, 104 - - - King Street - - - 104. JUST RECEIVED:

A CHOICE LOT Havana Cigars.

TAYLOR & DOCKRILL, 84 - - - King Street - - - 84 Oysters and Fish.

IN STORE: 10 Bbls. P. E. I. Oysters; 2 " Providence River do.; HALIBUT, HADDOCK, CODFISH, SALMON, SHAD, MACKEREL, etc., etc.

J. ALLAN TURNER, 25 North side Queen Square

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FRUITS A SPECIALTY.

Havana and Domestic CIGARS.

I have a complete assortment now in stock, in boxes and half-boxes: 100,000 HAVANA and DOMESTICS.

THOS. L. BOURKE, 11 and 12 Water Street.

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JEWELRY made to order and repaired. WEDDING RINGS guaranteed 18 K. fine.

S. B. FOSTER & SON, MANUFACTURERS OF Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian Nails, etc. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory: GEORGES STREET, St. John, N. B.

BELMONT HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor

PARK HOTEL,

Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort. Terms—\$1.50 and \$2. E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor. FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL,

28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms - - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bed and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT - Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL,

ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor. VICTORIA HOTEL, (FORMERLY WAVERLY), 81 to 87 King Street! ST. JOHN, N. B.

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Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B. FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor. Hawarden Hotel, Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B.

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TERMS, \$1 Per Day. BUSINESS MEN, CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS Are the Best AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

The best the market affords always on hand. P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 49 Germain Street, Opposite Market Building.

CAFE ROYAL,

Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM CLARK.

Beef, Mutton, Spring Lamb, Veal,

Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash. SUGAR CURED HAMS. Bacon, Lard. THOS. DEAN, 13 and 14 City Market.

CHOICE ENGLISH CHEESE.

1 Case STILTON Cheese; 1 " WILTSHIRE Cheese; 1 " Round DUTCH Cheese; 1 " CHEDDAR Cheese.

N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc.

P. S.—COCA JELLY—the Queen of Table Jellies.

FOR SALE AT GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.

W. WATSON ALLEN. CLARENCE H. FERUGSON ALLEN & FERUGSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc. Pugley's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16 Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

SIG. GIO. B. RONCONI,

TEACHER OF Vocal Culture and Throat Gymnastics. Speciality of Voice Placing and Diaphragm Breathing, Address—Downville Building, First Fla.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

Subscriptions, \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for six months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier or mail.

Advertisements, \$10 an inch a year, net. The editor of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to print the inside pages on Thursday, and so changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.

Circulation, Over 4,000.

A feature of the next number of PROGRESS will be a handsome portrait and interesting biographical sketch of His Lordship the Metropolitan of Canada.

GIVE IT CORDIAL SUPPORT!

The Board of Trade and the citizens who assisted it acted upon a good idea, Tuesday, when they appointed a committee to organize an exhibition association.

It was, we repeat, a good idea. It could hardly be otherwise, since PROGRESS suggested it.

Let the committee go to work now, keep the matter moving and finally make the suggestion an accomplished fact. All the people will aid, for the exhibition will be for the good of all. Nothing but half-hearted effort can embarrass the movement.

There is profit, as well as honor, fellow-citizens, in organizing a great fair. The experiences of 1883 taught us that.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The lecture committee of the Mechanics' Institute is at work, so it is said. Ere the dull thud of its announcement falls on the ears of an expectant public, a word of advice may be in order.

It is understood that the committee intends to inflict some more "native talent" on the people. Native talent is a good thing to have and a good thing to encourage, but it is possible to have too much of it.

Audiences can be had for the cheapest kind of talent. Applause can always be found for a jingling oration, and it is an absolute certainty that the daily papers will never hesitate to praise a lecture.

The Institute is in debt. It seeks encouragement and aid. It asks for the sympathy and the dollars of the public. To secure these, it brings forward men who impose dreary platitudes on good-natured auditors, and expects the patronage of the people.

To a limited extent. In this age of cheap reading the people have lost the old-time desire to attend lectures for the information they may get. Much as they venerate the "dear old Institute" they are not willing to pay for the privilege of listening to school-boy essays.

There must be more or less that is attractive in the course. There must be men outside of the men whom they have heard time and again. If economy is the object, cheap lecturers could be sandwiched in between men of more than local repute.

It is some such plan is not taken, there can be but one result. The Institute course will go down. Its dissolution is but a matter of time. So far, it has been tolerated loyally, for sentimental reasons. These cannot always save it from the doom which it appears to merit.

It behooves the committee to think, and to act.

WHICH SPEAKS FOR THE PARTY?

The platform of the Republican party has this to say: We arraign the present democratic administration for its weak and unpatriotic treatment of the fisheries question and its pusillanimous surrender of the essential

privileges to which our fishing vessels are entitled in Canadian ports under the treaty of 1854, the reciprocal maritime legislation of 1880 and the comity of nations, and which Canadian fishing vessels receive in the ports of the United States.

On the same subject, the platform of the Democratic party expresses itself as follows: We confess a preference to the platform adopted in St. Louis in June. For one thing, it is so much more pacific!

NICE "GUARDIANS"

Are the policemen of Portland engaged to regulate the sale of liquor—or to increase it? Is it their duty to arrest drunkards—or to get drunk?

These are questions for the public to answer. Capt. RAWLINGS' replies would necessarily be unsatisfactory. They have been, on former occasions.

We have no desire to go further in this matter than the interests of order and the public safety demand, but we have settled down in the conviction that.

"The 'Labor day' celebrations in the large cities of the United States were remarkable only in so far as they indicated how many thousands men are still outside the unions. Two organizations that we recall at this moment, the typographical unions of New York and Washington, embrace almost every printer worthy of the name, in their respective cities. Other trades, however, in the same cities, are but meagrely represented in their unions, and in many cities scores of trades are altogether unorganized.

The Maritime Press association will meet at Moncton, Sept. 18, and the Times mentions it as probable that "a jolly excursion party" will be organized from Moncton to Chatham; thence across the country to Woodstock and Fredericton, by rail; thence down to St. John by river. We trust that the jolly excursionists will pay their railway, hotel and other bills contracted en route, as self-respecting newspaper men do when they take a vacation journey.

Well, gentlemen, what would you have? Even St. John base ball players are not exempt from common weaknesses. An attack of indigestion, some historians say, had much to do with the decline of NAPOLEON'S greatness. A hard potato or a bit too much steak has been known to exert a most baneful influence on men whose professions required sound minds in sound bodies.

The customs department indulged in a brilliant action, last week, when it decided that the Mormon bible was not a bible, under the meaning of the act, and should, therefore, pay a duty of 15 per cent. It would have been well, however, since only the word "Bibles" appears in this act, if the department had gone further, even to the length of a definition. The Mormons in Canada are few, but it appears to PROGRESS that their right to their gospel is as complete as is that of the Protestants or Catholics.

JAMES G. BLAINE declined to be interviewed at St. Andrews. Inasmuch as Mr. BLAINE, when he talks to a newspaper man, usually out-BUCHANANS BUCHANAN in the effect on his prospects, he showed a wisdom worthy of his years. The writer from experience that the Maine statesman is apt to be alarmed at the most simple queries of the most humble reporter. This is why he is apt to "lose his head," and why he is so often called upon to deny remarks that every newspaper man believes he has made.

If the worst comes to the worst and it becomes necessary to take the most effective steps for the destruction of the neighboring republic, the government would do well to have HOWE'S circus smuggled across the border.

Mr. CROWLEY, the intelligent and amiable chimpanzee, who has of late abided in the New York Central park, died last week, and a great nation is in tears. It may be an argument for the evolution

philosophy, yet the truth should not be concealed that the kind of admiration and homage extended by some persons to Mr. CROWLEY can only be explained on the assumption that they regarded him in the light of a possible ancestor.

The furious letter in last Monday's Globe, in re our utterance on coffin-ships, gave great satisfaction and delight to the editors of PROGRESS. Aside from the general application of our remarks, the letter conclusively showed that the gentlemen whom the cap specially fitted hastened to put it on. It will wear well, we think, gentlemen. If it doesn't, we will replace it.

The Toronto Telegram heads an article on its reformatory, "Where Bad Boys Go To." When we attended Sunday school we were always given to understand that they went to a less well-ventilated place.

We beg to respectfully suggest to the St. John poets and musicians that fame and fortune wait at present upon their ability to compose an epithalamium and a wedding march.

As several of our boards of health have already observed, it is a strange law that shuts out the innocuous basket and admits the soul-destroying peach.

SPLENDID POSSIBILITIES.

Fall River as a Field for Literary and Missionary Work.

A stout, good-natured looking man sat in the office of the Dufferin the other day. The smile on his face and the diamonds in his shirt-front gave some people the impression that he was proprietor of a summer resort hotel, but he was not. He was not even an hotel clerk. His name was George Salisbury, sometimes known as the "Deacon," but more commonly as "Colonel," editor of the Fall River Advance. He is also publisher, proprietor, foreman and general manager of that journal. Fall River has several papers, some of them dailies, but the Advance, though a weekly, is the one best known to the outside world. Colonel Salisbury has been there ten years, and has positive ideas of Fall River as a field for newspaper enterprise and missionary work.

"In a population of 63,000," he said, "there are 19,000 mill operatives, who are always too tired to read anything but cheap story papers. There are 11,000 French, who never read anything but French papers, when they are able to read at all. There are 17,000 Irishmen, who read only rank Democratic and Irish papers. The rest of the population is made up of red-hot Americans, who read the Republican papers. The News is the leading daily, and its total circulation is only 3,000 copies. As a whole, Fall River is a city of splendid possibilities and mighty small men.

"A young man from another place wanted me to give him a position on my paper. I saw that he was bright and quick, and I refused to do anything for him. I would not have had him if he had offered to work for nothing. Fall River was no place for him. If he had insisted on coming, I would have done him a kindness if I had taken him out and shot him."

Talking of shooting appeared to lead the Colonel's thoughts south of Mason and Dixon's line, for at this stage he referred to a conversation which the governor of North Carolina had with the governor of South Carolina.

"Why do I stay there?" continued the colonel, resuming the thread of his discourse. "Because I am rooted there. If you uproot an old tree you are apt to kill it. I pitch into everything, and I am under a boycott most of the time. Still, I manage to live and do some good. Why?"

and here a pained look shadowed the benevolent face—"it is a fact that there are people in Fall River who don't even know that Christ lived and died. It is a fact, my boy; a sad, positive fact."

Mr. Salisbury is not a cynic, as might be supposed. He is an honored member of the Paragrafters' association and his sayings are quoted all over the United States. He has had a varied career. Formerly an art critic on the Manchester, England, Examiner, he was sent by that paper to write up Paris after the siege. He and George Augustus Sala entered the gates together. Coming to America he was sent to Panama and the Pacific as special correspondent of the New York Sun, and returned from Omaha with a charge of buckshot in his body. Finally he drifted to Fall River, where he has lots of fun, makes some money, and enjoys the most cordial relations with all the humorists of America.

ETCHINGS AND ECHOES.

Prosaic, but important. Joy to all the brides and bridegrooms! length of days and breadth of purse; Each has taken each for better; may they never find a worse. May each coming day be brighter than the day it overtakes— And the husbands never grumble for "such pie as mother makes!"

The Records of the Board of Trade. Hark ye, Thorne, at a! McCready makes demands ye cannot grant. Weight and cost of your proceedings would break down an elephant. Bankrupt Gould and stagger Croesus! Let the printer elsewhere wag; If ye would preserve your records, bind Zolus, steal his bag!

FLORENCE WILMINGTON.

THE RECTOR OF MUDLANDS.

His Trials and Tribulations Amid a Generation of Non-Conformists.

The rector of Mudlands was in town the other day. It is an off season with him, and he reverses the usual order of things, by taking his vacation in the city. Strictly speaking, there is never an off season in the cure of souls, but the good rector's duties, apart from the more sacred functions of his calling, are many and varied. The parish of Mudlands includes, ecclesiastically, the adjacent parishes of Lagbehind, and this means a wide extent of country composed chiefly of seashore and blueberry bays. As the barrens give a support to human beings in the berry season only, the original inhabitants, with wise forethought, built their houses along the seashore. Parts of this shore are arable, and yield cabbage and potatoes of superior quality. The sea furnishes an abundance of fish, while the mudflats abound in large, luscious clams.

One out of ten of the families along the coast is within the pale of the established church. The others belong to various grades of non-conformists, some of whom go to church only when a minister of their own denomination appears. This is not often. Occasionally a Baptist student animated by the desire to practice preaching, as well as to earn money to finish his studies, makes his appearance. One of these with a pleasing address has been known to receive as much as 45 cents of a collection, which the weather was fine and the congregation large. It is due to the two main pillars of that church to state that 25 cents of this amount came from one of them and 10 cents from the other. The Methodists have long abandoned the field, while a Presbyterian has not shown his nose there for years.

Despite the preponderance of non-conformity, the good rector is never weary of well-doing. The sentiment of his main congregation at Mudlands is opposed to ritualism, but as ritualism is dear to the rector's heart, he has a chapel of ease at Muggins Bay, where the service is very high indeed. Some difficulty was experienced at first in inducing the hardy toilers of the sea into a due compliance with all the ancient forms and ceremonies. So apt have been the parishioners, however, however, even old Peter MacLoney now genuflects quite gracefully, and it is no longer necessary for the rector to shout, "Now, you will stand up." "Now you may sit down," at different periods of the service.

It is not true, as reported, that the rector attempted to introduce ritualistic practices into the services held at Crow Settlement. The school-house at that place is used in common with dissenters and travelling showmen. It would, therefore, be manifestly improper for the rector to give any but the most simple service there, even were he otherwise disposed. The scandalous report is believed to have arisen from some unusual motions of the rector's hands during an evening service, a year ago last summer. These were simply spasmodic efforts of the good man to exterminate enemies of the church in the form of muskitoes, which savagely attacked his bald and reverend head. The ignorant persons who assumed this to be ritualism might, with equal justice, remark upon the motions of his hands and arms as he gathers up, during the closing prayer, the books lent to the congregation, and replaced by them on the table.

The rector has reason to believe that he has materially advanced the spiritual condition of his flock. There was a time when the warm hospitality of the parishioners was tempered by an undue amount of profanity. "Ate butter, parson, ate butter—d—your sowl, ate butter. Shure this is no cart grass like ye get at home," was the way in which Robin Mulvine, the elder, tried to make the rector feel at ease at the social board, years ago. Now—days nobody condemns the parson's soul in his presence. So much has etiquette progressed, indeed, that at wedding parties of the present day it is customary to request the rector to go home, or to go to bed, about midnight, so that the remaining gallon or two of whiskey may be finished and the dancing concluded without scandal to the cloth. The world grows wiser and better, at Muggins Bay as elsewhere.

Encouraging as these tokens of progress are, the increase in church membership has not been large. This is partly due to the fact that many of those upon whom the good rector has bestowed books and catechisms to fit themselves for confirmation are waiting until they learn to read well enough to master the subject. The number of communicants is therefore small. Indeed, the rector finds a medium-sized pain-killer bottle sufficiently large to carry all the sacramental wine required for his chapels-of-ease. This could be carried in his hip pocket; but it is not, because the rector finds that, in such case, the hard chairs are apt to produce a catastrophe, resulting in a wholly unnecessary waste of wine, to say nothing of the discomfort to his person. He prudently carries it in the breast pocket of his clerical coat.

Truly a good shepherd who devotes his life to his sheep, the rector is a pleasing study to the contemplative mind. He is not without his reward. True, he justly remarks that an average offertory of fifteen cents is scarcely sufficient to compensate him for a journey of fifteen miles over bad roads. True, the collection boxes left at various houses return no responsive jingle

BARNES & MURRAY,

17 Charlotte Street

RETAIL DRY GOODS.

Opening TODAY.

For Particulars See This Space Next Week.

BARNES & MURRAY.

NEW BRUNSWICK HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

THE FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION,

Aided by the Government of New Brunswick,

Will Hold a HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR on their Grounds in FREDERICTON,

On WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 3rd and 4th, October, 1888,

At which over \$1,500 will be offered in Prizes, distributed as follows:

PRIZE LIST. HORSES. DIVISION 1—Produce of Harry Wilkes (1886). DIVISION 2—Produce of Standard and Bred Trotting Horses. DIVISION 3—Produce of Thoroughbred Horses. DIVISION 4—Produce of Cleveland Bays or Coach Horses. DIVISION 5—Produce of Shire Stallions. DIVISION 6—Produce of Clydesdale Stallions. DIVISION 7—Produce of Percheron Stallions. DIVISION 8—Carriage Horses. DIVISION 9—Draft Horses. DIVISION 10—Horses shown to Harness (not Stallions). DIVISION 11—Saddle Horses. CATTLE. DIVISION 12—Shorthorns. DIVISION 13—Ayrshires. DIVISION 14—Jerseys. DIVISION 15—Polled Norfoks. DIVISION 16—Polled Angus. DIVISION 17—Miscellaneous.

General Conditions:

Entries close on SATURDAY, 29th September, 1888, and must be made to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, from whom blank forms for entry may be had on application. A fee of 50 cents must accompany each entry. All cattle entered for competition, except in Classes Nos. 41, 42, 43, must be duly registered in the New Brunswick Herd Book, or some other recognized register, and a certified pedigree must be filed with the entry.

All animals intended for exhibition must be on the grounds by nine o'clock, a. m., on the first day of the Fair, and they must not be removed from the Show Grounds during the continuance of the Fair, without the permission of the President.

Comfortable boxes and stables will be furnished for all animals exhibited, and hay, straw and water will be furnished by the Association. All other expenses in connection with exhibition must be borne by the exhibitor.

No awards will be given where the animals exhibited are not considered meritorious. Animals shall be paraded for inspection at such times and places as the Judges or the President may order, and animals not paraded at the proper time and place may, at the discretion of the Judges, be ruled out of competition.

Arrangements for reduced rates of transportation of all animals intended for Exhibition have been made with all Railway and Steamboat lines.

A. A. STERLING, President Fredericton Park Association, Fredericton, N. B., 21st August, 1888.

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary.

to his eager periodical shake. Yet vigilance and timely appearance secure for him much that is good. It is not unfrequent to see him returning from his evangelical errands laden with the good of the land. His horse jogs contentedly along wondering, no doubt, why his master always gives him twice as many oats in other people's barns as he gives him at home. The good rector in his carriage is crowded by cabbages, turnips, bags of cranberries, baskets of blueberries, and all the delicacies of the season. The sea also gives of its fish for him, while huge lobsters, fresh from the water, snap viciously but vainly at his reverend shanks. Peace to the good rector of Mudlands.

PEN AND PRESS.

Mr. James P. Colton, the advance agent for Janaschek, met several friends here who had known him in the United States where for the last two seasons he travelled ahead of Joe Dowling. Mr. Colton is a model press agent, quiet, gentlemanly, genial and discreet,—the sort of man an overworked editor likes to meet.

Albert Wetmore is on a visit to St. John. He was once a reporter on the Globe, and if he had known, as Mr. Sidney Paterson asserts, that a man can live well and save money on \$8 a week, he might have been there still. As it was, he learned from the Globe that this country was going to the dogs, and he went to Boston. With the exception of a brief, but very instructive, experience which he had with the Post of that city, he has been steadily employed on

CUPID A

BRILLIANT WEDDING

Morrissey-Fairweaver-Nichols. Paris of the F. from Halifax.

During the past few days we have had a quiet home-coming for our bride and groom. The bride, Mrs. Burpee, has been very quiet and home-coming for our bride and groom. The bride, Mrs. Burpee, has been very quiet and home-coming for our bride and groom.

Mrs. Burpee's return has been very quiet and home-coming for our bride and groom. The bride, Mrs. Burpee, has been very quiet and home-coming for our bride and groom.

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MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. Chas. C. Parkyn, who has been for several years director of the Mendelssohn concert orchestra, has become the business manager of the Listemann concert company, which enters upon its tenth season with flattering prospects of brilliant success.

The artists composing the company are: Bernard Listemann, violin; Giovanni B. Ronconi, flute; Fritz Listemann, violin and piano; Wulf Fries, violoncello; Paul Listemann, violin; J. W. Flocton, contra bass.

The above seems to point to the departure of Signor Ronconi from St. John and to giving up voice-culture during the coming season. The combination of artists seems very strong and I am pleased to see Herr Wulf Fries is again associated with Herr Listemann.

George Grossmith, who at the Savoy Theatre, London, has the principal comic role in every Gilbert and Sullivan opera, has lately published a book entitled "A Society Clown."

George Grossmith should be able to write an interesting book—a man terribly short-sighted, with little or no voice, and yet the best exponent on the stage of the special comic roles in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Your reference to the piano used at a late concert in Exmouth street Sunday-school is, I think, unfair to the firm that supplied it. You say that "the sum charged (\$6) seems to be enough to pay a good dividend on the outlay." There is just where you are mistaken. It costs \$2.50 to move the piano to the concert-room, and the same to get it back.

To say that it costs \$5 to send a piano to any of the various rooms that are used for concerts in this small city seems rather a large amount, but it doubtless results from the fact that it requires "four or five men to tug at a big piano."

Grand Chief Templar Marshall has been holding public meetings through the river districts of King's county, and visiting the lodges at the Long Reach.

Mr. C. Power, G. S. J. T., has returned from a tour through Victoria county, in the interest of the order.

Commencing next week, the officers of Peerless District lodge will visit the frontier lodges within their jurisdiction.

Finch lodge meetings are of interest musical and literary entertainment, in the Market building, on the 19th inst.

A new lodge to be instituted at Fairview, Loch Lomond, in a few weeks. A most successful entertainment was held in the new hall at that place, last week, netting \$48.82.

The residence built and occupied by Henry Titus, situated about one mile and a-half above the village of Rothesay, is offered for sale.

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"We have 102, at present. You see we did have more than that, but when we began to 'sweat-in' that knocked off 80. Swearing-in is a pretty good way to test their earnestness."

THE USE OF A CANE.

How Men and Women Carry Their Hands When on the Street. "Why do I carry a cane? Well, at first I did so to be in the fashion, as nearly every fellow around town carries one now, but I find it an excellent thing to keep my hands out of my pockets, something I at one time found great difficulty in doing."

Did you ever notice what a large number of people there are who do not know what to do with their hands while walking along the street? If a person is walking fast the arms will swing in a natural manner, and the hands will not be given a thought.

Side pockets were never made to keep the hands in, if any pockets were. A man in this position looks very awkward, especially if he be long waisted and short in the legs.

Carrying the hands in top pockets will enable one to throw the shoulders back, but a great many make their elbows stick out like sails and draw the shoulders forward, a very unnatural position indeed.

Women are seldom seen walking without a small hand satchel, a parasol, or pocket book and it is not unfrequently that a lady is seen with a tightly folded newspaper in her hand.

The Good Templars have begun their fall campaign. Renewed activity pervades the lodges in the city and Portland, as well as in the western district.

Mr. C. Power, G. S. J. T., has returned from a tour through Victoria county, in the interest of the order.

Commencing next week, the officers of Peerless District lodge will visit the frontier lodges within their jurisdiction.

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DREAMERS AND DREAMS.

The Story of an Experience Which Suggested a Hint to the Clergy. Sometimes one has a dream so strange that it lingers for hours, days, weeks and seems to invite one to read its riddle and take warning by the solution.

The scene of it was built up, I think, from fragments of a dozen places that I am familiar with. The house in which I was stood on a hill top, against the base of which great waves broke heavily.

Another feature of my dream was that I found myself—in love! How distinctly I remember her! Of medium height, plump, sweet, serene, slow-moving, if I were an artist I could paint her to the curves of her delicate nostril and the careless wave that fell over her forehead.

Most remarkable thing of all, however, as you will gather by the above, I had changed my personality. I, a woman, became a man. Does this change often take place in dreams, I wonder? It never did before to me. I wish I could remember just how I felt!

While I have been thinking about this dream I have wondered, in my artless, womanly, irrelevant way, whether visions of the night are not sometimes sent us to teach us what we may expect in the other world?

It would be very easy, I think, to construct an adequate scheme of future rewards and punishments from the dreams of humanity.

All other things being equal, the nature of one's dreams shows what one's daily life is.

I, who live cleanly, am seldom visited by any but visions of delight. My neighbor next door, who, half nude, dances till all hours, and then overloads her stomach with unnameable, indigestible trash, sees Satan in propria persona at least two nights every week.

Just imagine the pull that the preachers would have, if the man who has a cast-iron devil, nine feet high, dancing on his stomach every night, could clearly understand that that was a foretaste of his future fate!

Wouldn't the mourners' bench be crowded! FLORENCE WILMINGTON. WILLIAM WAS THERE.

He Was Always a Good Youth, but He Sometimes He Travelled on Sunday. Two elderly and extremely pious-looking people, apparently man and wife, were down on the International steamship wharf, Sunday afternoon, waiting for the boat to come in.

When the boat appeared in sight the old people went to the railing and leaned over, as well as two stout old people could. They anxiously watched every passenger that walked up the floats, but did not say a word.

Finally, a young man with a very long coat, a small, hard hat, an extremely large valise, and an umbrella and a very sober countenance, struggled up the floats, the valise bumping against the side of his knee in a sorrowful manner.

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LEG LORE.

Comparative Anatomy as It is Studied at the Watering Places. As the artist and the reporter talked, there tripped down from the bath house a fair, like young woman, all in white.

Her white straw hat was trimmed with white lace, her suit was a very short sailor dress of white flannel, her stockings were white and so were her slippers, which the artist called Louis Quinze shoes.

This lady was as beautiful as her dress. Her bare arms were deeply dimpled at the shoulders, and extended to very slender wrists and long and narrow hands. Her legs, displayed two inches above the knee, were declared by the artist to be perfect.

While the Picket Venus patrolled the sand her rival of this year shot past her into the waves, a solid fairy all in blue. She is the wife of the best dressed broker in Wall street.

The unique feature in her roll robe is that it is as open in front as a full dress opera gown, but beneath it she wears, not too high, an undershirt of blue stripes with white braid, such as is worn in comic opera.

Her skirt is short and, and her arms and legs, of plump and large dimensions, the artist declared to be as admirable as ever he saw.

It was queer to hear the artist talk of the human leg. He brought to his conversation, as all experts in every line of life are able to do, a store of wisdom, a fund of anecdote, and a wealth of wise comment.

"The legs of the Picket Venus," said he, "answer the requirements of art, because when she puts her feet together daylight is seen above and below the calves; that is to say, the legs touch each other at the ankles, the calves and the knees. This is not essential, however.

When the person is plump and stands with her knees together, the plumpness may destroy this rule. Miss Lillian Russell's legs, as seen in her newest impersonation, reveal no open spaces, but are marked by a straight line from the ground up; and yet they are perfectly shaped. It would be so with those of the broker's wife were she to stand in the same position.

I am sure, because she, too, is plump. The accurate figure which, without being thin, shows no spare flesh, is the one that reveals the loops of light between the curves of the legs."

Thus he talked. He asserted many things to laymen unknown. He said that the leg is that part of the body from which hampers call the leg is the thigh to artists and anatomists. The thigh and leg together form half the body, and the distance above and below the knee are the same, though some schools teach that from the ground to the top of the knee is one-third of the height to the shoulder.

William Page, a great thinker, as well as an artist, always held to the rule that the height of the figure is eight times the height of the head. Du Maurier, Boughton and several others in England draw their figures nine times heads high. Chapman's American Drawing Book, which used to be an authority, put it at 7 1/2 heads. Gerome, the French painter, in his last picture, "Le Poete couche par la Muse," makes the legs of all the women one-third as long as the height of the figure to the shoulder.

In Putnam's art hand books, edited by Mrs. Susan N. Carter, it is said that the measurement of the finest Greek statues shows that grand or heroic figures are eight heads high, while graceful or youthful figures are less than eight but more than 7 1/2 heads high. This authority gives complete rules for determining the perfect female leg: "The width across the middle of the thigh is three-quarters of a head, and at the top of the knee is two noses and a quarter. The width at the bottom of the knee is half a face; across the calf is two noses and a quarter, and across the malleolus of the ankle is one nose, or a quarter of the head."

The perfect leg, like the life of man, suffers many changes in its career. The infant's leg is chubby and of uncertain shape and promise. Its superfluous flesh is apt to leave it at 6 years old, and 10 or 11 years past before the curves grow more than 7 1/2 heads high. This authority remains perfect in a healthy figure until nearly middle age. At 50 it begins its decline, which may be marked by scragginess, but is more often distinguished by a settling of the fat below the calf, so that the leg is all one size from knee to shoe top.—New York Sun.

The Large Spruce of the St. John. Nearly all of the largest spruce trees which once stood in the vicinity of the St. John river in the district which is situated between the mouth of the Aroostook and the city of St. John, a distance by river of 200 miles, have been cut away or otherwise destroyed, and with some few exceptions of limited area, including the upper waters of the Nashwaak and Tobique, it is to the heads of the St. John in Maine and in the province of Quebec that the public must in future look for spruce trees of the largest size, that is, for those of great length and large dimensions.

The large growth of spruce for which the Aroostook river was formerly noted has been chiefly cut away. There are yet, however, several small localities there from which spruce trees of large size can be obtained.

On Fish river, one of the larger branches of the Upper St. John, there is but little large spruce standing, and this is situated on the head of that river.

The lower section of the Alleghuash and as tributaries, a large affluent of the St. John, have been much worked for spruce as well as pine lumber. These places have also suffered largely from the effects of forest fires.—Lumber Trade Journal.

Mechanics' Institute.

THREE NIGHTS

WEDNESDAY MATINEE,

Monday, Sept. 10

POSITIVE FAREWELL

JANAUSCHEK,

MR. FRANK V. HAWLEY,

Monday Evening - "Meg Merrilies."

Tuesday - "Mary Stuart."

Wednesday Matinee - "Mother and Son."

Wednesday Night - "Macbeth."

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 25th day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galopas Canal.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th day of September next, at this office, for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galopas, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galopas; for deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at Lock-stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the firm; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$4,000 must accompany the tender for the Galopas Canal, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each of the works on the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, etc.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 22nd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island, the construction of locks, etc. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal, construction of piers, etc.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the firm; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$3,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, etc.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

COMMENCING JUNE 25th, 1888.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN, AT 10.40 a. m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

18.50 a. m.—For Bangor and points west, Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock stations.

18.50 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations.

18.50 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle and Grand Falls.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

1888-Summer Arrangement-1888

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7.00 Accommodation..... 11.00 Express for Sussex..... 16.35 Express for Halifax and Quebec..... 22.15

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 22.15 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday a Sleeping Car will be attached to Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5.30 Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Accommodation..... 12.55 Day Express..... 15.00

All trains except by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 31, 1888.

GRAND SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

EXCURSION TRAINS

To Bay Shore and Sand Cove.

COMMENCING TODAY, and until further notice, Excursion Trains will leave Carleton for the BAY SHORE and SAND COVE at 7.30 p. m., 4. m., and 5.15 p. m., on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Returning, will leave Sand Cove 10 minutes after arrival there.

Fare to Bay Shore and return..... 20 cents Fare to Sand Cove and return..... 10 cents Fare to Bay Shore and Sand Cove and return..... 30 cents

St. John, N. B., July 14, 1888. Receiver.

UNION LINE.

Daily Trips To and From Fredericton.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamers DAVID WESTON and ACADIA will alternate, will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 8.00 o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate stops. Fare \$1.00.

Returning will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc., every morning, Sundays excepted, at 8.00 o'clock.

Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and Western Railway for DeLorgeville, Chatham, etc.; and with steamer Florenceville for Eel River, Woodstock, etc.

On THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS Excursion Tickets issued to Brown's Ferry, Oak Point and Palmer's wharves, good to return on day of issue, for 40 cents, or to Hampstead and return for 50 cents.

Fare to Hampstead, and return, 50 cents. R. B. HUMPHREY, Manager, Office at wharf, Indiantown, St. John City Agency at H. CURRIE & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

HINDS' HONEY and ALMOND CREAM.

Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and all Inflamed or Irritated conditions of the Skin. FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE.....King Street.

Cherry Blossom.

The Fashionable English Perfume. FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE.....King Street.

LOKRE

Little Langtry, Mary N. Bi. w., Mrs Simon Smity, Eva Leonard, Mrs M. J. Simmons.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc. 43 King Street.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

BORDER JOTTINGS.

St. STEPHEN, Sept. 6.—Each week brings its share of pleasure-seekers...

Mrs. Inch, of Fredericton, is visiting her friends in Milltown.

Miss Kay, of St. Andrews, is in town, the guest of Mrs. Wm. Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, of Boston, are the guests of Mr. Jos. Murchie.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Young are enjoying a trip through the upper provinces...

Wednesday morning saw a quiet, at home wedding, in which the interested parties were Mr. Bois of Calais and Miss Helen Topping...

I must not close without speaking of the delightful little party of Tuesday evening.

Some weeks ago the coal dealers of New York agreed to advance the price of hard coal 25 cents per ton...

They Didn't Mind the Wet. None of the St. John readers of PROGRESS will need to be told that it rained last Saturday.

Example Better Than Precept. Mother—Why, Bobby, you are very late from Sunday-school; did you come directly from the church?

Bob (with conscious rectitude)—No, ma; the teacher told us that cleanliness was next to godliness; so, after Sunday-school was out, some of the boys went in swimming.

Smoker "Jumbo" Cigars.

SOME MEN OF THE TIME.

CERTAIN PROMINENT CITIZENS DESCRIBE THEMSELVES.

The Trials and Triumphs of Some of Our Leading Lawyers, Undertakers and Others—The Esteem in Which They Say They Are Held by an Appreciative World.

One of the great difficulties which the impartial historian has to encounter is the lack of reliable data in regard to the great men of the past.

No man's neighbor knows as much about him as he knows about himself. Acting on this idea, the Historical Publishing Company of Canada has issued a most valuable addition to the biographical literature of the nineteenth century.

Mayor Thorne, of course, heads the list, with a portrait. His worship is, however, rather retiring in his nature, and has permitted only a brief sketch of himself.

Next in point of importance come the lawyers. These useful and hard-working citizens are handicapped, as a rule, by an unwritten law, which makes it unprofessional for them to advertise their business.

Prominent in the list is Mr. Charles L. Richards, who describes himself as "one of the most popular and best known members of the legal profession in New Brunswick."

Mr. Richards is not alone in being popular and highly esteemed. "There is no one better known or more respected at the bar of New Brunswick than is Mr. A. A. Stockton, D. C. L., L. L. D., M. P. P."

Mr. Ezekiel McLeod, Q. C., LL. B., claims that his firm is also one of the most prominent and best known. He devotes some space to a sketch of his political career, and emulates Mr. Richards in stating that "in both professional and political life, Mr. McLeod is held in the highest estimation in all circles."

"Amongst those prominent in the ranks of the law of St. John, is Mr. T. W. Peters, LL. B.," writes that gentleman. Mr. Peters is a modest man, however, and beyond stating that he "does a general law business, and is in the enjoyment of a large and substantial practice," he has not much to say for himself.

William Bedell Wallace is "amongst those who have had a long and varied experience in the law and who stand high in professional circles." He informs the public that "he possesses a sound and practical knowledge of his profession, energy in its

practice and very excellent natural abilities."

He is also an alderman of Portland and thinks that he has been "discharging his duties in that position to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens and with credit to himself."

With apparent exultation, he remarks that he "is not married, and appears to thoroughly enjoy all the happiness of bachelorhood."

"Prominent among the members of the learned profession of the law practising in St. John is Mr. Richard F. Quigley, LL. B., B. C. L." Mr. Quigley says that "possessing high ability and energy, he has established a good connection and first-class reputation."

"Amongst those who enjoy a high reputation in legal circles is Mr. John Willet. It will be seen that there is a striking similarity in the phrases used by the various legal luminaries. The publishers of the book, with great consideration for the writers, appear to have given the autobiographies just as they were sent.

Several other lawyers appear in the list. It was of course impossible to include all the members of the profession, and only a sufficient number have been given to show the stranger of today and the historian of the future the men who are to the front in the year 1888.

"Amongst the rising young lawyers," and "enjoys the reputation of being a sound, able lawyer." Daniel Mullin is "amongst those who enjoy a high reputation in legal circles."

"A popular and rising young barrister, well known in legal circles, is Mr. James Stratton." Mr. G. Herbert Lee, his pedigree and his achievements, occupy nearly a column.

Mr. C. E. Brackett, of the St. John Dye works, has a sketch of himself, just before the sketches of the lawyers. Not far from this is a pretty bit of pathos, in the autobiography of M. N. Powers, the undertaker.

Mr. Powers begins his sketch by an essay on what the model undertaker should be. "The peculiar calling," as he terms it, "requires a temperament and disposition possessed by few."

The biography of Mr. Powers is a prose poem in itself.

So much has been said of the professions that a review of the biographies of the other classes must be left for a future issue.

When the bi-centennial of St. John is celebrated the local historian will find much curious and valuable information in the pages of Our Dominion.

The Great Januscheck. If any actress now on the stage is beyond the need of praise, that one is Januscheck.

Herein, we may venture to say, lies the very point and secret of Madame Januscheck's triumph. She has modified the "Meg Merrilies," who gratified the theatre-goers of a former generation, and, without marring the model, has recast it to meet the approval of the theatre-goers of today.

BOVININE

CONTAINS 34 Per Cent of Soluble Albuminoids. IT IS The Only Nutrient that will Permanently Cure NERVOUS PROSTRATION and DEBILITY.

BOVININE

Tones up the Stomach and enable it to digest other food readily. It will sustain life for weeks by injection alone and has saved many a child from diphtheria and unable to swallow even liquids.

Horse Races.

Opening of New Brunswick Circuit TWO DAYS OF TROTTING

Moosepath Park Sept. 12th and 13th.

On WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12TH. A race for four-year-olds. Purses \$120 for which there are seven horses entered.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 13TH. A two-year-old race. Purses \$80 for which there are five horses entered.

The above entries include horses from Bangor, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Sussex, Amherst, Bathurst, Pictou, Kentville, Charlottetown, Lunenburg and St. John.

Excursion rates have been arranged on all railways and boats to the city during the week. Races will be held under the rules of the National Trotting Association.

HATS. HATS. MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, OF LATEST STYLES.

McCAFFERTY & DALY, King Street.

MIDSUMMER SALE. Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods.

DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard; MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents; PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price; TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES, VELVETEENS, reduced 25 per cent.

McCAFFERTY & DALY.

Rudge Bicycles, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, \$55, \$75 and \$115.



We have just received another supply of these World-Renowned Machines.

Government Notice. AUCTION SALE OF IMPORTED STOCK. FILLIES and SHEEP.

On FRIDAY, 5th day of October next, on the Grounds of the FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, the following Pure Bred Stock, imported by the Government of New Brunswick:

- 1 Clydesdale Filly, three years old; 13 Clydesdale Fillies, two years old; 4 Shire Fillies, two years old; 2 Percheron Fillies, two years old; 62 Rams, including Southdowns, Shropshire Downs and Leicesters; 15 Shropshire Down Ewes.

NASAL CREAM.

A CURATIVE BALM FOR Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Catarrh Deafness and Headache. Price, Only 25 Cents a Bottle.

"MANITOBA."

Our New Brand of "MANITOBA" Flour is Unexcelled in Quality. It is made from selected Manitoba Spring Wheat.

UNION BAPTIST SEMINARY, St. Martins, N. B., Will be Opened on September 20.

WHIPS.

A NICE SELECTION OF Best American Whips. Just Received and for Sale Low at ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 204 Union Street.

Base Ball

On Saturday

Monday, September 8th and 10th,

Maine State

College Boys, Champions of the College League, vs. NATIONALS.

The above games will all take place on the Popular Grounds of the ST. JOHN C. & A. CLUB, Marsh Bridge.

Admission, 25 Cents. LADIES FREE. Grand Stand 10 cents extra.

A. O. SKINNER, President C. & A. Club.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, From the best mills. Always on hand. R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

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GEN. AGENT-PROVINCES FOR ALBANY PAPER CO. PERFORATED TOILET PAPER AND FIXTURES-A SPECIALTY.

Some of the old and tried... That comes...

Some men endeavor and best... fession in N. L. Richards...

He is absent with the... He has had...

The carpet and grounds... mattress making...

Several... out-prints...

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